





This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the winning of the 'Cup of All Nations" by the American yacht America, off Cowes in 1851. Watching the race, Queen Victoria asked which boat was second and was told there was no second. The trophy, many times contested for since, remains in the custody of the New York Yacht Club. .

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress THE LOVE GAMBLER

David, Consenting to Act as a Butler for Miss Leighton, Finds an Admirer in the Latter's Friend, Helen Goddard

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water. (Author of many novels and one of

ers of short stories.) CHAPTER XLVII. (Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

the country's best-known writ-

66% /OU understand, don't you, Smith? The chauffeur tried by a mighty effort to bring his mind back to the instructions Miss Leigh-

ton was giving him. He had been thinking how beautiful she was as she stood before him in her evefting gown, a string of pearls about her fair throat, the color coming and going in her cheeks. He wished in a vague way that her amethyst pendant had been ready for wear this evening. It would have been pleasant to feel that she was wearing something that had been his aunt's. It would seem like a slight link between him

He wondered what Samuel Leighton had been saying about him that had caused her to take the other side of the argument. She had been pleading in his favor. The knowledge made his head feel light and excited him strangely. "I-I-beg your pardon!" he stam-

and this girl who was so far beyond

mered in reply to her query, "I-yes, Miss Leighton-I think I un-"You are to have a large lump of ice in the bowl and pour the punch with the fruit in it directly on the

ice a half-hour before it is needed," she maid "I understand," he bowed gravely. "And you wish me to serve it?" "Yes-unless you would prefer my asking one of the other gen-I mean unless you prefer not doing

"I prefer doing just what you wish me to do, Miss Leighton," he replied. "I am here to be of service to you.

The pair were alone in the dining room and she raised her eyes to "I believe you mean that," she

There was a wistfulness in her tone that made him say abruptly; "You are troubled about something. I wish I could help you.

A Confersion. She followed a swift impulse as she said-"It is about my pendant." "Your pendant?" he repeated. "Yes-the amethyst pendant. Oh.

I am sure you know absolutely nothing about it!" He was silent. Did she suspect that he had seen the pendant years before she became its possessor?

"You don't-do you?" she insist-He must answer. He chose his words with care, as one walking in the dark takes a cautious step forward.

"I know it belonged to a dear friend of yours and that she left It to you," he began, "How did you know that?" Desiree demanded, quickly,

His wits worked very fast. He

"You told me as much." he reminded her. "That is, you told me -when I found the pendant in the car and returned it to you-that it had belonged to some one who car-

ed for you." "Oh, yes; so I did!" she exclaimed. "And your returning it to me only proves" --- She stopped short. "Proves what" he asked curious-Her perturbation amazed him. "Only," she said vaguely, "that

you knew it was mine. He was sure she was not voicing her thought. Yet his next speech did not betray this fact.

"Yes, I knew it was yours," he said lightly. "It was in your car, "Yes." she admitted, "but on that

day wou had driven Miss God-She got no further, for a gay voice interrupted her. Helen Goddard had come into the dining

'Who is taking my name lightly upon profane lips?" she demanded "Mrs. Duffield said I would

"Good evening, Smith!" with a roguish smile at the man. "I see ou are acting the part of butler tonight. Well, Miss Leighton is in uck to have you.

"I say, Desirce, my dear, why not let me turn in and help you? Mrs. Duffield just told me the trouble you have been having to get some one to serve things this evening. know how you want things done;

The Rhyming **Optimist**

By Aline Michaelis.

ON'T weep and wail and cry: "I'll fail!" The surest thing of all, if that's the way you greet the day, is that you'll have a An awful lot of failure's not the taking of a loss, nor does success just wholly stress the deal you put across. I've often seen it does hand as bow you greet Old Man Defeat and where you take your stand. Some men I've met who never yet have known when they were down; they peg along with smile and song in spite of Fortune's frown. And there are chaps with merry maps all wreathed about with grins who do not swear and tear their hair each time they bump their shins. Though it would seem that every scheme they have for copping cash is sure to win a lodging in the ragman's cart of trash; though oft it's looked like they were booked to wind up as a frost In some refreat where things to eat are furnished free of cost, do they repine and likewise whine because they made no splash? I'll say; "Nay, nay!" they grin away above their frugal hash. Success is not

had been near making a great mis- | so if you are busy with your guests let Smith come to me for instructions, won't you?" "Thank you, dear," Desiree re-

She was too much confused to raise any objection to this suggestion. Indeed, she felt suddenly re-Heved that Helen was present to lessen the complications of the situation. Helen always kept her head, whereas she, Desiree Leighton, was dazed by her recent conversation with her father, by her own certainty of Smith's innocence, and most of all by the effect upon herself of his looks and manner. Her heart was beating fast, and she wanted to run away and cry all

What did all this mean? Was she going to make a fool of herself over man whom she scarcely knewand that man her father's chauf-

She laid her hand on Helen's arm. Thank you, dear," she repeated. I have been a bit disturbed as to how I could be in the drawing room, or at the table with my guests, and yet see that all was going well in the pantry. Annie is not very competent. Smith will do his best. But he is," with an effort at a smile, 'new at the game of butlering."

"I will give him points when it's time to serve the cats," Helen assured her. "He'll get on all right; won't you, Smith?" David answered respectfully. "I

Helen flashed a glance at him as she followed Desiree from the room. In the hall she detained her hostess for a moment. "I declare, Desiree," she said, "he's so handsome and charming you are wise to keep him in the pantry. If he were to come out here some girl would grab him as the most eligible parti of the

To Be Continued.

HOUSEHOLD

butter in small even squares for the table use a coarse wet thread, as this Enamel baths can be thoroughly cleaned with fiannel dipped in

bed with soap, as this cracks the enamel. To remove fresh paint from clothing use turpentine or naphtha; old paint responds to napththa alone; use naphtha or turpentine out of doors, as it is inflammable

paraffin, and should not be scrub-

as well as explosive. Ammonia in warm water will revive faded colors, and it will remove grease spots on rugs and carpets.

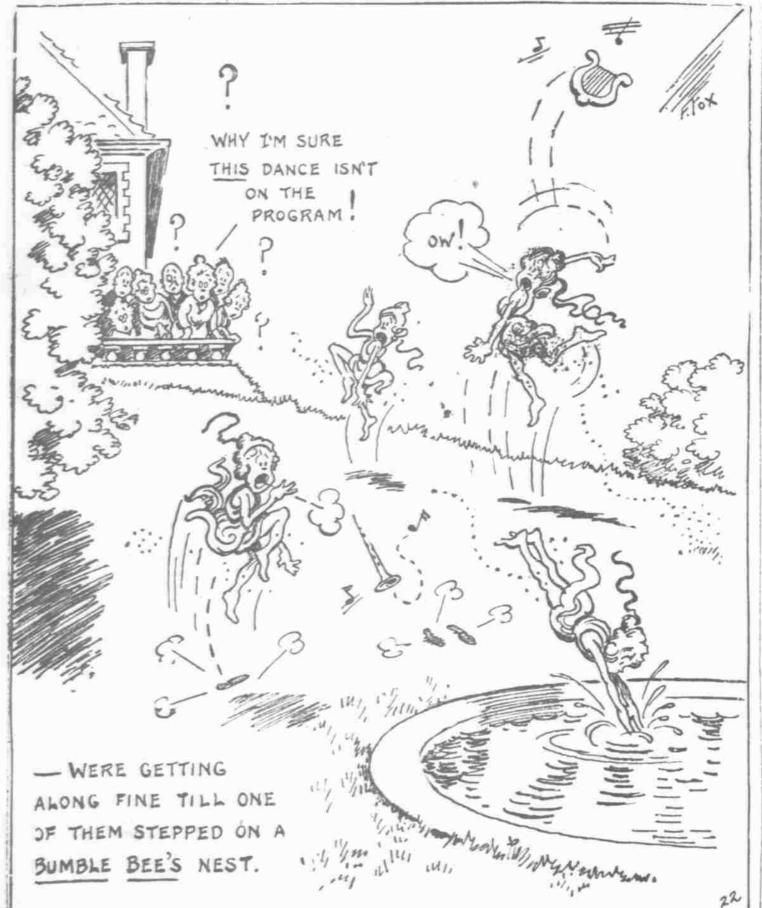
Silver or gold jewelry may be satisfactorily cleaned by adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to a cup of water and applying with a rag. After washing flannel or woolen goods dry them as quickly as possible, preferably in a fairly strong wind. This will go a long way toward preventing them from

The Woodland Dancers at Mrs. Vanastorbilt's Party-By FONTAINE FOX

in what you've got, to lose is not to

fray and how you hit the trail.

rail; it's all the way you face the



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A Suggestion of the Winter Modes

Reprinted by Permission Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



For the Tired Mother

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever. Professor in the University of Kan-Sas and Writer on Sociology. O the legions of overworked mathers: Water time

well. There is an old church hymn which starts with: Take time to be holy." Now this admonition is certainly all right in its place, but one of the first steps toward being holy is to be whole, or in a good state of health.

The wastage of the physical life of the ordinary mother of todayof the great, good, common mother is such as to depress and discourage the most hopeful student of human affairs and of the problems of childhood in particular.

The unprecedented shortage of household help, the strain of meeting household needs as to food and clothing, the tense hurry and excitement of this busy age-all these tend to grind away the life of the mother. Not only are her own health and poise of mind greatly impaired, but her judgment and influence in dealing with her children are correspondingly un-

In view of the distressing conditions of thousands of the good mothers of to-day, I wish to urge the following simple rules of living: "No time for such matters," or "can't afford such luxuries." But my reply is you can't afford to neglect such rules. To take time for them means really a saving of time and a marked conservation of strength and energy of body and

1. Take time for a cold bath daily. A sprinkle of warm water over your body followed by a dash of cold and a brisk rub with the towel will pay for itself ten times over in added health tone and strength and poise of mind. Merely a wash bowl will suffice if nothing better is available. Ten minutes for the morning bath should add at least two hours to the efficient working day.

2. Take time to eat. 100 many

mothers become the common slave of all. They cut their meals by starts and snatches and often actually forget to finish at all. Place things on the table before calling the family, then, sit down with the others and train the children to take turns in bringing the extra service. It will not hurt them to go on the jump at this time, but it is too much for your tired nerves. The half-starved, fatigued, poorly nourished mother is nearly always cross and unfair to her children. Therefore, eat a-plenty and stay at the table to enjoy the meal. 3. Take time to go out. No matter where-down to the store, out to the park, around a city square over to a neighbor's get out and forget the house at least an hour every day. To meet people, to breathe the out-door air, to be in a different environment for even a short period, will refresh your body wonderfully a stimulate your mind to a marked degree.

Now, tired, busy mother, make yourself some more simple rules like the foregoing and begin today to live up to them. Take time to be whole and you can more easily be holy. Take time to get all the available strength and you and your children will be righly forwarded through the effort.

A Primitive Weapon.

The blowgun is at Il popular for hunting among the Koasati Indians of Louisiana. This weapon consists of a tube, usually or cane, about six feet long, rubbed smooth on the inside with an implement made for the purpose, and carefully straightened with the aid of fire. Slender, pointed darts about eight inches long are used as ammunition; each one wrapped neatly along a third of its length, with thistledown or cotton to make it fit the inside of the tube. The hunter places a dart in the tube, which he raises to his lips and with I which he takes careful aim at his game, then with a quick puff of breath he drives the little dart flying with sufficient force to impale and kill a small bird or equir-

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

An Indignant Lover.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been engaged since the first of he year. For the past few months by finncee has tried several times to make engagement; with other men. She excuses herseif by saying that she cannot forget her former acquaintances. but that these men will disappear in due time. Still, as soon as one passes on another appears. I am not seeking sympathy, but advice. What I desire to know is whether her actions will keep up after our marriage and what chances I am taking. chances I am taking

I haven't any way of knowing whether your financee's conduct has been reprehensible. Perhaps it has. But I must confess that your own course invites criticism. 1 don't see how any young woman can tolerate your attitude of suspicion and distrust. If you have an actual grievance against her "have it out" with her. Otherwise, show that you respect her and have confidence in her. For my own part I cannot see that any disloyalty to you is involved in her seeing other old friends occasionally, since your engagement is known but that is a matter young engaged couples have to decide for themselves. The thing for you to do is to talk this over thoroughly with your betrothed. If she agrees to your restrictions you should promise what she asks of you in re-

Three Lonely Girls.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: We are three girl friends, aged nine-sen and twenty. We are cosidered and looking and have graduated from igh school. We should like to go to denote and other places of amusem but the thought of coming home at night by ourselves prevents us mothers continually question as about men friends. They may other girls go out and almost three-quarters of them are engaged, and we three girls go for r to the movies or read a bot's all. DISCOURAGED. and that's all.

Probably you three girls have gotten into the unwise habit of associating with each other to the exclusion of everybody else. It sounds, too, as though you had led rather a languid life, but I may be mistaken. I wonder if you are wage-earners, or, in any case, if you can't manage to be really, wholesomely interested in something impersonal. Try, too, to reach out after people generally, including young people. Try giving a party or two at your homes. After a while this matter of acquiring men friends will, I think, take care of itself. But I hope you have misunderstood your mothers if they have seemed to urge you to cultivate young men with the idea of getting engaged. You are young enough to postpone marriage, but don't let this be a period of mere

In the Fashion.

A young man purchased his sweetheart a pair of ton-button kid gloves and left them at the house himself. The servant-girl took them in and, going to the foot of the stairs, called out, "Picase, miss, 'ere's a gentleman as has brought you a pair of leggings"

Puss in Boots By David Cory.

to a pretty cottage. And do ELL, as Puss in Boots Ju-I to a pretty cottage. And do nior traveled along he came know, it was where Yourg Mother Hubbard lived? There were lovely roses climbing all over the front porch and a row of sunflowers along the back fence and a little gold weathercock on the Summer house, and a nice dog kennel near the kitchen door, and also a little automobile by the front gate. Well, as Puss looked in through the front window

Young Mother Hubbard Went to the cupboard, But wouldn't give doggie a bone. She said, "You must wait till I get you a plate Of vanilla ice cream in a cone."

But Towser said "Bow,"
And Towser said "Wow,
"Your ice cream I really can't take.
I'm a hearty canine; with a hunger
like mine
much prefer porterhouse steak." So Young Mother Hubbard

Then shut up her cupboard,
And put on her dress of pale blue.
"Come, doggle, let's go to a nice
"movie show." That's something I know will please

"Ha, ha!" said Puss Junior. "So they are going to a moving picture show. I guess I'll jump in the automobile and hide so they won't see me when they come out. And no sooner had he done this than out ran Young Mother Hubbard and jumped into the automobile and started off, with Towser running along, barking with delight.

But alas and a day. When they'd gone but half way. Her doggie went chasing a cat,

While the poor little maid Was greatly dismayed, Not knowing just where she was at. Tway not very long.

'Cause he knew he was wrong.

That Towser turned round on his track.

"You naughty, bad dear,"
And she patted his carBut pussy cut never came back. And then Puss Junior stood up in the automobile and showed himself for the first time. And what do you suppose Young Mother Hubbard did? Why she laughed and said You shall go automobiling with me, Mr. Puss-you and your redtopped boots and your sword!" And then Towser began to bark, but Puss didn't care, for he was sitting on the front seat with Miss Hubbard enjoying himself, and, would you believe it, this was the first time he had ever been auto-

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Music in Bohemia.

For the last two hundred years almost every musical generation in Europe has counted among its stars a Bohemian-either with a genuine Slavie spelling or a German or Germanized name. Behemia certainly has the right to be proud of the fact that one of Gluck's teachers, the Prague monk and hymnwriter, Bohuslav Tchernohorsky, was of Czech blood, and that the influence of the famous planist, Johann L. Dussek (1761-1812), was equal to that of Clementi, while in invention and ideality he surpassed the great Italian composer

Frantishek Shkroup (1801-1862) the composer of the first original Bohemian opera, in his "Where Is My Fatherland?" anticipated the glory and joy that came to Czecho-Slovakia in December, 1918. The Czech national movement found, however, its first real center in the National Theater, which was opene ! in Prague in 1862, and Refzhich Smetana (1824-1884) set the ball rolling by writing his famous opera, "Branbori v Czechneh" Brandenburgs in Prague"), Smetana the founder of the Bohemian School of National Music, took not only the tions from the history of the Bohemian people, but also nationalized the department of orchestral music.

The Other Way Round.

Moorington-Many a wise word is spoken in jest. Stingsby-Yes, but they can't compare with the number of feelish ones that are spoken

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Torres Goes Mad and In His Rage Makes Desperate Assault on Skull of Peter McGill

his final consciousness drowned in

But still the cattle stood in the

water and drowsed and flicked at

flies, and later the stag returned,

disdainful of the cattle, to complete

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Not for nothing had Regan been

named by his associates The Wolf.

of Wall Street. While usually no

more than a conservative, large-

scale player, ever so often, like &

periodical drinker, he had to go on

a ramapage of wild and daring

At least five times in his long

career had he knocked the bottom

out of the market or lifted the roof

off, and each time to the tune of a

personal gain of millions. He never

went on a small rampage, and he

He would let years of quiescence

slip by, until suspicion of him was

lulled asleep and his world deemed

that The Wolf was at last grown old

and peaceable. And then, like a

thunderbolt, he would strike at the

stroy. But, though the blow always

fell like a thunderbolt, not like a

thunderbolt was its inception. Long

months were spent in deviously pre-

paring for the day and painstaking-

ly maturing the plans and condi-

Thus had it been in the outlining

and working up of the impending

Waterloo for Francis Morgan. Re-

venge lay back of it, but it was re-

venge against a dead man. Not

Francis; but Francis's father, was

the one he struck against, although

he struck against the living into

the heart of the grave to accom-

Eight years ago he had waited

and sought his chance ere old R.

H. M .- Richard Henry Morgan-

had died. But no chance had he

found. He was, truly, the Wolf of

Wall Street, but never by any luck

against the Lion-for to his death

R. H. M. had been known as the

The Feud Carried On.

under a show of fair appearance,

Regan had carried the feud over.

Yet Regan's very foundation on

which he built for revenge war

meretricious and wrongly con-

ceived. True, eight years before

R. H. M.'s death he had tried to

double-cross him and failed; but he

never dreamed that R. H. M. had

guessed. Yet R. H. M. had not only

youd any shadow of doubt, and had

Regan known that R. H. M. knew

of his perfidy, Regan would have

taken his medicine without thought

of revenge. As it was, believing

that R. H. M. was bad as himself,

believing that R. H. M., out of

meanness as mean as his own,

without provocation or suspicion,

had done this foul thing to him, he

saw no way to balance the account

save by ruining him, or, in lieu of

And Regan had taken his time

At first Francis had left the finan-

cial game alone, content with let-

ting his money remain safely in the

safe investments into which it had

him, by ruining his son.

guessed, but had ascertained be-

So, from father to son, always

he found an opt

Lion of Wall Street.

men and interests he wished to de-

the darkness of death.

his interrupted drink.

stock gambling.

never went too often.

tions for the battle.

ti deilq

opsis of Preceding Chapters.) Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces to he has a tip of the location of transure. he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days.

Regan has an idea.
Young Morgan sails for South America
in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.
Francis learns he and Henry, the mys-

erious islander, are both descendants of irate Morgan. Francis discovers his resemblance to Francis discovers his resemblance to Hefiry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again, Francis is saved from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his piace. Leoncia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot

to save Henry.

Francis, Geonica and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel.

The Angelique is pursued down the coast.

Francis and his party decideto go ashers to elude their pursuers. They came upon treasure. Francis and his friends again find the majoration and former battreasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and former battles with foes to enable others to escape. All members of the party are captured. Henry and Jeffs descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds custodian of pirate treasure. They fail into a trap. Old Priest's Clant fails to bring key to fortune from Chia's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. One of party falls to death. He/ry goes for help. The friends are reufited in the Valley of Lost Souls. Torres is ordered to imbibe of the drink of drath. Help comes from the say.

They meet the Queen, who informs the one of the party must become her husband. Forces comes to life again. Francis and party return to the coast. Francis marries the QQueen. Francis takes his bride to his home in New York. Francis' wife learns of her husband's love for Leoncia. Francis' wife leaves him mysterious-y in jealous fit. He starts a search

r her. In the meshtime she finds Leoncia In the meshtime she finds Leoncia gazing at Francis' photograph and draws a poignard to kill her but succumbs to Leoncia's strange power over her and they become friends. The Queen then leads a party into the Valley of Lost Souls to recover her treasure and Torres and Jefe lead another.

He did observe, with swimming eyes and increasing nun touch, that the passage was contracting both vertically and horizontally. Slanting downward at thirty degrees, it gave him an impression of a rat-trap, himself the rat, descending head foremost toward he knew not what. Even before he reached it be apprehended that the slit of bright day that advertised the open world beyond was too narrow for the egress of his

And his apprehension was verified. Crawling unconcernedly over a skeleton that the blaze of day showed him to be a man's he managed, by severely and painfully squeezing his ears flat back, to thrust his head through the slitted aperture. The sun beat down upon his head, while his eyes drank in the openness of the freedom of the world that the unyielding fock denied to the rest of his body.

Most maddening of all was a running stream not a hundred yards away, tree-fringed beyond, with lush meadow-grass leading down to it from his side. And in the treeshadowed water, knee-deep and drowsing, stood several cows of the dwarf breed peculiar to the Valley of Lost Souls.

Occasionally they flicked their tails lazily at flies, or changed the distribution of their weight on their legs. He glared at them to see them drink, but they were evidently too sated with water. Fools! Why should they not drink, with all that wealth of water flowing idly

They betrayed alertness, turning their heads far back and pricking their ears forward. Then, as a big-antlered buck came out from the trees to the water's edge, they flattened their ears back and shook their heads and pawed the water till he could hear the splashing. But the stag disdained their threats. lowered his head and drank. This was too much for Torres, who emitted a maniacal scream, which, had he been in his senses, he would not have recognized as proceeding from his own throat and larsyx. The stag sprang away. The cattle turned their heads in Torres' direc-

tion, drowned their eyes shut, and resumed the flicking of flies. With a violent effort, scarcely knowing that he had half torn off his ears, he drew his head back through the slitted aperture and fainted on top of the skeleton.

Two hours later, though he did not know the passage of time, he registered consciousness, and found his head check by jowl with the skull of the skeleton on which he lay. The descending sun was already shining into the narrow opening, and his gaze chanced upon a rusty knife. The point of it was worn and broken, and he established the connection.

This was the knife that had scratched the inscription on the rock at the base of the funnel at the other end of the passage, and this skeleton was the bony framework of the man who had done the scratching. And Alvarez Torres went immediately mad.

"Ah, Peter McGill, my enemy," he muttered. 'Peter McGill, of Glasgow, who betrayed me to this endthis for you-and this, and this!" So speaking, he drove the heavy builte into the fragile front of the skull. The dust of the hone which had once been the tabernacle of Peter McGill's brain arose in his nostrils and increased his frenzy, He attacked the skeleton with his tands, tearing at it, disrupting it, filling the pent space about him with flying bones. It was like a battle, in which he destroyed what was left of the mortal remains of Once age Torres squeezed his head through the slit to gaze at the fading glory of the world. Caught

by the rock in the trap of ancient

Maya devising, he saw the bright

world and day dim to darkness as

ing emphatic. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

been put by his father. Not until Francis had become for the first time active in undertaking Tampico Petroleum to the tune of millions of investment, with an assured many millions of ultimate returns, had Regan had the ghost of a change to destroy him. But, the chance given, Regan had not wasted time, though his slow and thorough campaign had required many months to develop. Ere

he was done, he came very close to knowing every share of whatever stock Francis carried on margin or owned outright. It had really taken two years and more for Regan to prepare. In some of the corporations which Francis

owned heavily Regan was himself a director and no inconsiderable arbiter of destiny. In Frisco Consolidated he was president. In New York, Vermont and Connecticut he was vice president. From controlling one director in Northwestern Electric, he had

played kitchen politics until he conrolled the two-thirds majority. And so with all the rest, either directly or indirectly through corporation and banking ramifications, he had his hand in the secret springs and levers of the financial and business mechanisms which gave strength to Francis' fortune. Yet no one of these was more than bagatelle compared with the big-

gest thing of all-Tampico Petrol-

cum. In this, beyond a paltry 20,000 shares bought on the open market. Regan owned nothing, controlled nothing, though the time was growing ripe for him to sell and deal and fuggle inordinate quantities. Tampico Petroleum was practically Francis' private preserve. A number of his friends were, for them, deeply involved. Mrs. Carruthers even gravely so. She worried him, and was not even above pestering him over the telephone.

There were others, like Johnny Pathmore, who never bothered him at all, and who when they met talked carelessly and optimistically about the condition of the market and financial things in general. All of which was harder for Francis to bear than Mrs. Carruthers' perpetual nervousness.

A Thirty Point Drop. Northwestern Electric, thanks to

Regan's machinations, had actuall dropped thirty points and remained there. Those on the outside who thought they knew regarded it as positively shaky. Then there was the little old, solid-as-the-rock-of Gibraltar Frisco Consolidated. The nastiest of rumors were affoat, and the talk of a receivership was grow-